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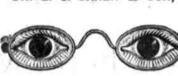
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Artificial Eggs. There has been quite a sens., i ... Washington recently on the subject of

them away about town. Some dozens general verdict is that it would be imossible for anybody to distinguish them from real ones. Externally they look was nothing there but cobwebs and little exactly like the sort laid by hens. Break bright-eyed mice and old rags that the the shell of a raw specimen and the con- ragman's great-grandmother would have tents flop into a glass in as natural a been ashamed of. But I found this old manner, as possible, the yolk and white cream-colored silesia back of the maunmingled. It has been claimed that hogany chest of drawers. It'll make no imitation egg could over be made to better curtains for this room than you-"beat up" for cake, but these do per- der faded moreen things. Oh! Margery, chemically speaking, a precise reproduc- minute!"

tion of nature. Corn meal is the basis shell is a lining of what looks scmewhat her black hair. like the delicate, filmy membrane formed by the hen, while the shell itself is stated so artfully that no one can discover the and paint you and call you "Spring-joining. The very germ of the chicken, with unnecessary faithfulness of imitation, as one might think, is counter-

The eggs are made of various shapes and tints. One will be able to buy, as bank clerk, with another gentlemansoon as they are put in the market, Mr Somerset, of Skipton Court. counterfeit pullets' eggs or eggs laid by alderly hons; likewise select white eggs or dark colored ones according to choice. Most surprising of all, they will be sold eries-the narcissus stars rained down for only ten cents a dozen, and they on the shabby carpet at her feet. never get rotten. To confectioners and others who use large quantities of eggs with a glance of smothered indignation the yolks and whites will be sold sepa-rately, put up in jars and hermetically "Oh, but w sealed. In this shape they will also be feet," said Somerset. "Such lovely convenient for household employment. flowers! My sisters are besieging the

I plucked the harobells as I went I plucked the harcbells as I went Singing along the river-aide; The skies above were opplent Of sumbine, "Ah, whate'er betide, The world is sweet, is aweet, "I cried That morning by the river-side.

The curiows called along the shore; The boats put out from sandy beach; Afar I heard the breakers roar, Mellowed to silver-sounding speech; And still I sang it o'er and o'er, "The world is sweet forevermore!"

Perhaps to-day some other one.
Lottering along the river-side.
Content beneath the gracious sun.
May sing again, "Whate'er betide. The world is sweet, " I shall not chide

-Mary N. Prescott. ALL DOLLY'S DOINGS.

Although my song is done.

The yellow sky barred with lines of dark cloud, the ground tightly frozen like a mask of iron—a windy March sunset-this was the time. The old : ursery at Peak Hill, lighted by the flicker of wood fire—this was the place. Two girls brow, were enticing beyond everything, seated on a dilapidated tiger-skin rug, She felt herself yielding.

"La, child," said she, "don't stifle me! solately in the blaze-these were the persons present.

"Hasty pudding and milk!" said Dolly "That isn't much of a supper. For my part, I think Arthur is lucky to she, "I may as well pick them and send be detained in town to night. The bank them to Skipton Court. It'll be a neighmanagers can't, in ordinary decency, offer him anything less than sandwiches they! and coffee. I wish I was a bank clerk." In the middle of the old place stood "Do hold you're tongue, Dolly!" said Dolly in the attitude of tragic muse. Margery. "Do you suppose it isn't as hard for me to be poor as it is for you? away in the night, "said she, dramatic-

to the ball at Skipton Court, and not be have done it?" able to go!" walking swiftly up and down the floor, done it. her thin hands clasped. Dolly eyed her, half in currosity. half in sympathy, half in curiosity. selves, and the wind howled down the

"Perhaps," said she, tentatively, "if selves, and the wind howled down the you had a dress fit to wear, and could chimney of the nursery. Once more

Margery smiled a scornful smile. "Stranger things have happened, "said "Margery"-hesitated Dolly.

" Well? "Don't people hire dresses sometimes?" opportunity, and no particular sense of now.

hired dress?" Once more Dolly hugged her knees. "Margery," said she, "it sometimes seems to me as if the world were out of joint. Our world, I mean. Here we are, gleams of gold and knotted up here mouse, or any other of those proverbially cissus. poor things. What business have we to live in a big bouse like this, with only old Rebecca to take care of us! What ing?' business have we holding our hands

while our brother is working hard as a truth! I bought the dress and old Becky clerk to maintain us?" "Because Arthur wants us to live like ladies in the house where our parents flower and grandparents lived before us!" Margery, curtly. "Because we can't do anything else.

"Don't ladies ever work, Margery?" tions. Of course they do-sometimes." They Just then old Rebecca came in, bring Court. Now, Margery, I know how to girl. She knew no fear ing a lighted lamp. She drew the faded moreen curtains, put a fresh log of wood on the fire and limped out again. She was very old, but she had waited

still liked to keep up the semblance of room, waiting at Skipton Court, and the and many guests had been there, but at attendance. "They're ladies," said Rebecca, proudly, "every inch o' them. Look at the way uishly, "if the royal prince himself near the springs and who had headquarters they carry themselves,"
Half an hour afterward Margery

roused herself from a fit of abstraction. to find that she was alone. "Why, where has Dolly gone?" she asked herself. And in the same moment the door flew

open, a sudden gust of perfume freighted the air, and Dolly came in, with a candle held high above her head, like Lady Mac- Margery, with swimming eyes. "But I beth, a roll of old drapery under her arm, beth, a roll of old drapery under herarm, must stop long enough to give you a and a basket of delicious white and yel-kiss. How did you ever come to think low narcissus in her hand. "Where have I been?" she repeated.

"Why, everywhere! Up garret, down just exactly as they ought. Mr. Somerinto the old green house, into the land of set was already half in love with Marthe possible and impossible! Smell these | gery Peak, and the ball-room experiences flowers, Margery!" And she held the narcissuses close to Margery's straight little Greek nose.

this time of year?" cried Margery. "I planted them in the green-house the March whirlwinds set in. It's true you guess I dreamed? That Louis Som-that the sashes are all broken, but I erset asked you to be his wife! tacked old blankets up and made it weather tight, and the sunshine pours in like gold, and the old Harrison rose is in blossom, and there are lots of blue-eyed in pansies, and all these sweet Spring stars. Well, I remember the story we read artificial eggs. A person who claims to about the girl who went to a party in her have invented a process for making great-grandmother's wedding dress, them-patent newly applied for-has Girls in stories always discover dresses been exhibiting samples and giving packed away in old sandal-scented

trunks in garrets, so why shouldn't we? "Dolly, what a goose you are!" "I just am, Margery. Of course, there

how pretty those narcissus flowers look The inventor says that his eggs are, in your bair. Sit still a minute—only a She draped the pale yellow stuff artisbumen, of course, while the yolk is a fastened it with a knot of deep gold narand several other elements. Inside the a yellow drift upon the jetty braids of "Margery," she cried, gleefully clap-

ping her hands, "what a lovely straight to be made in two halves, stuck together profile you have! I shall turn artist Margery uttered a sudden exclamation which made Dolly whirl swiftly around, and there, to her infinite embarrassment stood her brother - Arthur, the young

> "Is it a tableau?" said that young man smiling, "or a full dress rehearsal?" Margery flung off the pale yellow drap-"It's only Dolly's nonsense," she said,

"Oh, but what a pity to spoil the ef-ect," said Somerset. "Such lovely

florists to get just such blossoms for the ball decorations. Speaking of the ball, Miss Peak, we are determined that you shall reconsider your refusal to come, be-

And Dolly, going from the room in conscious disgrace, lost the rest of the Down in the kitchen-the only other

room in which there was a fire-there ensued a lively discussion between old Rebecca and her young lady. "My dearle sweet," coaxed the ancient

servitress, "you can't."
"But I can!" said Doily. "But you musn't, Miss Dolly."
"But I will!" cried Dolly, with a stamp of her ill-shed foot.

"You're a Peak, dearle, of Peak Hill." "But you're not, Becky. Dear Becky, good Becky, if you put on the old sleighing hood and blue spectacles, no one will know you. And poor Margery! Think of Margery! Oh, Becky, you will

-you must!"
The soft kisses on Rebecca's cheek, lip, If I must I must!"

The next morning Margery Peak sauntered down to the old greenhouse. "If the flowers are really there," said borly thing to do and-why, where are Delly, I thought you said-

"They've all been picked and taken When I am the chiest, too, and the one that ought to be out in society! It's "Goodness me!" cried Margery. "Who enough to drive one frantic to be invited ever heard of such a thing? Who can

low as the sweet spring johquils them-

"Margery," breathed a soft voice.
"Dolly, are you there?" cried the elder,

with a start. "Yes, I'm here. Listen, Margery. When we were children don't you remember how we used to play at 'Mak-Suppose we had a grandmother noon with an open letter in his hand dignity. Do you think I would wear a like the story beroine, and she had a wedding dress, would you like it to be like this?

> Margery sprang to her feet ecstatically. "Oh, Dolly!" she cried, "am I dream-

"No!" cried exultant Dolly; "It's real made it-after the pattern of your last white muslin-and I trimmed it with s-my flowers.

where did Recky sold the pausies and the narcissus and the jonquils. The florists Can you go alone?" "Dolly, don't ask such foolish ques- would have given any money for more, earn money and help Arthur along. As

> for you-"Well, as for me?" shape of narcisous and jouquils. And I fied to the eastern towns. wasn't so very far off, because Mr. Som- her arrival and her purpose, sent for her erset told Arthur that he never had seen in the evening. any one as beautiful as you were that She came to him with ager eyes for night when you sat in the firelight the talings just re- red by a courier draped in amber silesia and crowned from the scene of matter

"You dear little good fairy!" cried despatches

For once in a way things happened concluded the other half of the delicious captivity. When she came home, early in the his? "Child," he said, his hand upon

"Where did you get them, Dolly, at windy Spring morning, Dolly was sitting hers, even as her father's had been, his up for her, drowsy but smiling. "Well!" cried Dolly, rapturously, "Do beuches, last fall. I was determined to you know, Margery, I've been dreaming have something to brighten us up when in front of the fire here? And what do Margery's sweet, flushed face dropped

on her sister's shoulders. "It wasn't a dream, Dolly," she whis-ered. "It was the truth, and I think pered. you must be a magician!" "One needn't depend much on magic art," said sagely Dolly, "if one keeps one's cars and eyes open. I knew he was in love with you long ago. Oh, he was in love with you long ago.

how sweet the flowers smell! them away about fown. Some dozens have been served in the clubs, boiled, fried, poached and scrambled, and the compact of the course of them to keep forever he said. I shall always love par-cissus after this! And to think, Dolly, dear, that this was all your doings!"-Saturday Night.

True moderation is neither tauce, to sipid, nor languid. It calls upon all the energies and all the powers of our nature for its development; it makes us not less, but more, manly and womanly; not less, but more, determined and resolute; not less, but more, hopeful and enthusiastic. It is not for age alone, when the passions of their material. The white is pure al- tically over Margery's tall shoulders; she may have cooled and the energies abated, but for youth also, when they are warm more complicated mixture of albumen cissus; she showered the other flowers in and strong. It embodies the force and vigor of youth, the wisdom and judgment of maturity, the calmness and experience of age.

A woman is the inventor of the "Cosland and see al over the world. She is Mrs. Martha J Coston of Washington, fying memserves with earthworks While she was very young her husband, against any attacks from the Indians. Benjamin Franklin Coston, an officer in All things seemed, for the present, peacethe marines, and an inventor, died, leav ful. ing her with three little children to sup-She denoted herself to the perfection of experim ats begun by her husband, and worked out the system which brought her fame and fortune.

"Be careful of your use of the article, my son," said the grammarian to his "Tell a man he is the stuff, and he loves you. Tell him he is a stuff and -well, he may thrash you."

JEANETTE'S PANSIES.

G. oil bye!" It was a madness of fareever come back? Her wide eyes grew whate as she looked at 1 im. Then the came from her white lips with a gasp. dos dropped over them and she lay otionless against his breast for a secand, as though the spirit had died within

arrist : is this toe girl fitted to be a s. W. vife? Have you no regard for my rocks His voice quivered, but his own upon her proudly. e roused herself bravely. Yes.

Your duty is at the front. I would not She placed her hand on the bunch of

"They are my colors," she whispe & Wear them, my knight, and be true our lady always. Her trembling fingers pinned them in-

de his cont. "God be with yen." She kept the tears back, smiling into his face, though the drum-bent sound in in the street below seemed, like a best knell. It was the signal to startsignal for the volunteers, the brave take who were off for the Indian war. this pinned inside. The bullet had passed she breaks up the court to make a rose dreadful war that had come like a blight

upon her beautiful Western home "Good bye and God bless von! pansies will be my talisman." The most intense excitement raged in

bloodthirsty redskins. Among them none was more The night of the ball at Skipton Court or more brave than Ned Ashby. He was

mining camp), he had located a claim on ers would be sacredly cherished. go, some one might fall in love with you?"

Margery sat on the old fur rug, thinking the prettiest girl in the town and patented it—a stroke of good luck that had day with a look of joy upon her lovely made him more envied among the hoys face. It was like a transfiguration.

"Ned," she cried, with a return of her than even his mining shares in the May Queen. betweet the Utes and Major Thornburg's take you home to-morrow morning. men, in which many were wounded on

She took it silently and read : "Edward Ashby was wounded in the brave. bat"e of the -th inst." She shook out the clouds of a soft, She did not faint, though he had exwhite tulle dress, threaded with woven pected she would, but her face blanched brave boys returning from the war, and until it was like marble and her oyes as poor as Job's turkey or a church and there with bunches of yellow nar- grew large and black, glowing like girl who had dared to go to the front for

> Her father laid his hand upon hers Dear child, this is folly-the talk of sanity. You can not go," he said The color leaped toher cheeks and her eyes flashed. "I must go," she cried.

"I must go and nurse him." she said.

her nature so well Thwarted in this desire she might die "I can not go with you. Jeannette. power which we do not understand." She drew herself up grandly. had a big order from Skipton the proud right of the western American

At six the next morning her favorite horse Plato stood at the door. At night-"Why, here's the great grandmother's fall she was at the springs fifty miles on these girls' mother before them, and dress, and there's the enchanted ball- away. It was a popular summer resort yellow gold pieces raining down, in the the first news of war most of them had

"Yes "

with flowers. Quick! Let me help dress springs there were no telegraph wires, you, Margery. There isn't a moment to and the couriers rode day and night over the dangerous Indian trails to bring the

faltered. "Yes." The General's voice almost choked as he looked at her. How could he break the heart of this brave young reature whose great love made her so eautiful, its unselfish purpose shining from every feature. How could be tell her the cruel truth, with those love-lit. starry eyes fixed so anflinchingly upon

eyes full of kindness, his stern voice suddealy tender, "your lover is dead! The courier just in states that he died yesterday afternoon. Not one word came from ber lips. The great eyes gave him one stricken look,

and then she fell just where an stood at his feet, like a Lelpless, broken reed. He lifted her up gently and catted for assistance But in a !ittle while she revived, rising to her feet with the old brave, determined look on her pale face, will bury him there and I shall never thus drawing up and expanding the ribs look upon his face again I must got and walls of the chest that air may en-"An escort of my best and bravest men shall accompany you," he said. "They will protect you and bring the

body here. "Thank you."

gratitude rose in her eyes as she bent low safe. Pressure upon the back each time over his extended han I. full particulars of her lover's exploit; good influence on the heart, aiding the how he had led the scouting party, rushing bodily into the very face of the foe, and by this action saving the military from the ambush the savages had prepared for them. In a moment the battle obstruction. had begun, but ere his comrades were seemed to lurk behind every bush and tree, this bold young soldier had met his fate, falling with his face to the foe.

Two days later, after a lone and weary journey, her little party reached the soldiers' camp. The loys had entrenched ton Signals" -a system of signalling themselves behind a small knoll overwith colored legits which is used or looking the surr needing country, ford

> At sight of her the boys raised a cheer. Many of the militia knew her, and they were proud of her. They knew her for what she was-a brave, heroic girl, purely, sweetly womanly, yet ready as any of her brothers to take the weapons from her belt and defend her life or that of any she loved-a girl imbued with all

> She acknowledged the cheers with a sweet, grave diguity; then the leading

> the glory and strength of her native

officer in her escort with pered something to the Major ere he helped her to dis-

She caught the reply It made her ells. They stood looking into one antermble, but with the suspicion of a great lier's eyes with blanched faces. Would joy, not sorrow.

> It was Ned Sampson who died. Ashby yet lives, though he lies still almost at death's door. The Major led the way into the tent where the wounded man lay, motioning the guard saide. Then he left her, fol

lowed by the young officer who had been in attendance. Taking up the hand that lay so helpfell in a hot, blinding mist. What pain all her young life to his care and ser-

His cont-the one he had worn when parting from her-lay on the bed. Her eyes darkened as she saw the stains of blood and the bullet hole. She took it in her hands, examining it keenly. There were the pansies, faded and worn, still

through just above them. "Had the bullet struck him an inch lower it would have been fatal," one of

the men afterwards told her. Perhaps the pansies by some subtile inie mining camp. Ever since the news fluence had saved him; perhaps her own had come that the old chief was on the spirit in that moment of agony had warpath and the call had been made for passed into them, making them indeed a volunteers to defend the settlers on the real talisman to protect him. She loved frontier, the town had been alive with to think this. That God had answered "Of course," sighed Dolly, "the door men anxious to obtain the scalp of the her carnest are the her chosen is never locked. Anyone could have bloodthirsty redskins. fearless save his life.

> stru k a bonanza in the mines. More blossoms and laid them to-durly away. than that, (to use the phraseology of the Until they became dust these faded flow

old life and spirit, "the war is over. Then came the news of a flerce battle Peace is declared and we are going to For answer he silently pressed the "Yes, if they have the money and the ing Believe?" Well, let's make believe cither side. Her father came home at small, warm hand that crept into his OWD. Whenever was there a sweetheart

so tender and true, so beautiful and When they reached the springs loud and wild were the cheers given for the not only for the boys, but for the brave love's sake. Under the glorious sweep of the spangled flag she rode, her cheeks aflame like the crimson stripes, and her eyes splendid with the sunlight of love. "I know it was the pansies that saved you," she whispered to Ned when they stood once more together under the shadow of their own beautiful royal-He could not say no then. He thew tinted mountains. "The pansies have human faces, and I believe God has invested every blossom with graces and Her tall lover looked down upon the It was sweet face uplifted to his, smiling at the

girlish folly, yet touched by the pur faith in it. And, after all, who shall say that she was not right?

REVIVING VITAL ACTION. Restoring People Who Have Been Dangerous Time Under Water. During the bathing and swimming

season deaths from drowning frequently Several towns in Russia have elected women for mayors on the ground that they were best fitted to be intrusted with occur. If every man of fair intelligence were familiar with the most approved method of reviving vital action in perthe interests of the community. sons who had been a dangerous time under water, many lives might be thereby saved. With the liberal dissemination of instructions on the method many persons would learn and remember the pro- ant and examiner in physics by the cess and would employ it in emergencies. A new method which has been by mediquite a young woman. cal journals pronounced superior to the A woman in Philadelphia is earning

long practiced Sylvester or Marshall Hall her living by supplying families with a method, has been suggested by Doctor certain kind of pudding of which she Bowles, of London, England. After the body has been removed from the water, place it for a moment with once or twice a week, as the family may face downward, to allow the escape of desire. water from the mouth and throat; turn it on the side and keep it on that side continuously, except when, about fifteen times a minute, the body is to be rolled. for a few seconds, on the face again. By keeping the same side always up, the lung on that side becomes clear. Turning first one and then the other side up is dangerous because thereby the partly cleared lung is suddenly flooded with fluid from the lung which was down-

ward. It is better to clear one lung en-

tirely than to have both half cleared.

Each time the body is turned upon the face for the few seconds, a little more froth and water escapes from the mouth and nostrils. When the upper lung has been almost or partly cleared, it is useful "I must go with him." she said. "They to raise the upper arm above the head, ter, as in the Sylvester method, then bringing the arm down firmly to the side again, and repeating these arm movements fifteen or twenty times a minute, since the entrance of larger It was all she could say, but tears of quantities of air into the lung is now the face is turned down, assists the Then for the first time she learned the escape of water somewhat, and has a propulsion of the blood toward the lungs. The continued use of this pronolateral method is said to be an excellent mode of keeping the pharynx clear of

The artificial respiration process is far hand to hand with the red-skins, who away the most important thing to attend in the house, if properly cared for. The to first. Not an instant should be lost Hollanders excel us in this respect. Their

before it is cemmenced. "At least he died like a here," her heart whispered whe ever the bitterness of her woe threatened to overwhelm her. has been restored after more than two which shines like lamp reflectors. The hours of apparently fruitless effort) wet ceiling is hard woo!, painted and varclothing may be removed, the body nished, and it is as lustrous in its way rolled into warm blankets and partly as the walls. The stove is generally in a wrapped in them, and heat applied to recess. Lace or snow-white linen is hung the groius, feet and over the stomach, by from this alcove. Imagine it—a kitchen cloths. A very hot cloth applied sud- The kitchen utensils are in pantries which denly and momentarily to the bare skin also have bangings of neat stuff of differover the heart might help to restore its ent kinds; the sinks, faucets, in fact all action, or an occasional sharp slap or the metal work that is visible is so poltwo with the hand over this region ished that it glows like burnished steel. might have a like effect.

> drink or mild stimulant may be required. with dryness, warmth and quiet rest.

An undeserved reputation is like borrowed money; one has to give it up at the end, and to pay more or less dearly for having had it. .

TYRANNIES OF AUTHORITY

Despiseble At All Times and Makes People Miserable.
In presence of a domestic tyrant who pasts, and with reason, that his word is law in his own household, the childre are broken-spirited and cowed: his wife side take. Even the dog flees from him. Perhaps "No"-the Major came to her side quickly-"the courier made a mistake. he is a hypocrite as well as a tyrant; in that case his "company manners" are graceful, soft, gentle, and his flattery is as thick and slab as butter and honey mixed together. Women are seldom of the latter type. They rarely disguise themselves so well. When a wife has the box seat and holds the reins, says Queen, the world knows pretty well what the condition of things really is. Deparsues at her throat; royal beauties they pressed it to her lips, and then for the were with great velvety hearts of purple and gold.

The bunder of the pressed it to her lips, and then for the spising the man whose place she has usurped, she is at no pains to conceal her fell in a bot blinding with the condition of things really is. Decontempt. She opposes him sharply; contradicts him flatly; looks him down and anguish had not done joy had ne-complished—joy that he still lived and that she had reached him in time to give that she had reached him in time to give sults his friends; sends him out or keeps him at home, as she thinks best; despis his pursuits, and, when she can, them from him, His pet dog she ban-isles; his favorite books she puts away; if he is fond of gardening, she dign up and turns over his flowerbeds for a ten

nis ground; if he is an adept at tennis, garden. Nothing is too small for her to The whole family notice. equally with the unfortunate husband. Her children are trained and managed till they have not a spark of naturalness or spontaneity left in them. In whatever they are doing, she must interfere and ordain. At croquet she tells them where to send the ball; at tennis she makes them nervous by shouting out unfriendly commentaries on their play; at the piano she objects to their fingering. She is always changing her servants. with whose work and methods she in-terferes till they lose their patience. She is the scourge of the family quite as much as that more brutal natured man; there is not a pin's point to choose between them Each is detestable after the law of his or her kind, and the tyranny of a woman is to the full as ill to bear as the tyranny of a man, and perhaps it is more annoying because more meessant. Besides these two tyrannies of authority are others which rule the family and make every member impartially miscrable. Look at the tyranny of children-how they take the very life out of a gentle mother? Their tempers, their domands, the'r wishes, their dislikes, all rule the or ter, the common life of the house, and everything and every person must give way to them. Tyranny s batoful at all times and in all circum stances; but the tyrauny of the young brings with it a bitter taste of mockery and unfitness; and the sense of more than ordinary topsy-turveydom assocrafed with it gives it a grim grot septeness that is half its unpleasantnes

WOMAN'S WORK AND AIMS. Only two women members are allowed in the Royal Society of Painters in water colors, and of these Clara Mon

A student from Newnham College Maude Thomas, lectures on dressmaking in girls's schools for the Surrey Count Council, England. Miss Louise Macdonald is only thirtythree, but has been elected as principal of the University College for Women at

talba is one.

Sydney, New South Wales. Nellie Cushman is one of the best mining experts in Arizona, and is well known all over that country as a comp tent and reliable miner.

Miss Margaret Kerr Johnston, a recent graduate of the Royal University of Ireland, has just been appointed assist council of the university. She is still

alone knows the recipe. She has regular orders for the pudding, which she delivers Miss Braddon, the novelist has one great hobby-the collection of old china. She has a series of magnificent cabinets of china at her house in Richmond, near

London, and one room is known as the

plate room, because it is hung around

An Indian woman, Miss Nancy Cor-

with china plates.

nelius, a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., has taken a full course at the Handford Training School for Nurses, and has just received her diploma. This is the first Indian woman to prepare herself for nursing by scientific training. A Michigan syndicate had bought two hundred thousand acres, planned improvements, and projected lumber mills, and as the indications were that three or

found a colony there, the women thought they saw a big future and they put in their homestead claims. Mrs. Margaret Deland is said to find time in the midst of her literary duties to do a great deal of charitable work. She is especially inter-sted in work among fallen women, and many a poor creature has owed restoration to her helpful han l. Mrs. Delami is a pretty woman and an entertaining teacher, and has a simple, cords. I manner.

four hundred people were planning to

Model Kitchens.

There is no reason why the kitchen may not be one of the pleasantest rooms kitchens are marvels of neatness. The If there be other assistants beside suf- floor is paved with stone, marble, or cans of hot water in bottles or woollen stove behind lace or linen lambrequins Such habits naturally produce thrift. A When breathing is restored, but little lady told me she paid her cook ten florins usually remains to be done. A little hot (five dollars) a month, and out of this pit tauce she had managed to save enough to accumulate a neat little nest-egg at a bank to prepare a westing outfit

Certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and igno-

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team Engines,